

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.
A N D
Miss LOUISA SAVILLE.
A N O V E L.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

In which is introduced,
The History of JULIA HARWOOD.

Yet as through life our weary steps we bend,
Let us not sink when beating storms descend,
Still let Religion hold unrivall'd sway,
And Patience walk companion of our way;
Ah, lose not sight of that delightful shore,
Whose blissful bow'rs shall friends to friends
restore!

Tho' here misfortune comes to blast our will,
The Heav'ns are just, and God a father still.
JERNINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE HISTORY

OF CHARLES FARRAND, ESQ.

AND

THE HISTORY OF SAVANNAH

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

TO THE HISTORY OF WOOD



And Patience with companion of our way;
All his love of that dear child there
Whole child's love's that friends to him
The first night came to him and all
The first night came to him and all
The first night came to him and all
The first night came to him and all

BY THE AUTHOR

VOLUME II

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H I S T O R Y
O F
CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.
AND
MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.
A NOVEL.

LETTER LIV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

Avignon.

PASSION subsides, and the resolutions which it dictated, are no more. — The mariner who had long sustained the violence of

VOL. II.

A 3

storms

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storms and tempests, supported by the hope of escaping from, or surmounting his danger, beholding his toils ineffectual, he remits at once his hopes and his efforts, and awaits in silent despair his approaching fate. — So I, amidst the misfortunes that overwhelmed me, preserved one object to solace and alleviate my misery, but that comfort recedes, and I sink into despair; the tender, yet powerful attachment which had long reconciled me to unremitted calamity, is for ever dissolved. — In this awful moment, this crisis of my fate, my soul, calm and collected,

lected, revolves the scenes that are past. I behold a series of events marked by uniform and excessive misery, and contemplate in the future naught but a dire succession of woes.

I anticipate the frowns, the censures of my friend; — but has not reason and philosophy dissipated from the mind of Lenox those prejudices which enchain the generality of mankind? — Say, my Lenox, has the benevolent Author of our Nature imparted to man, attributes partaking of the excellency of diviner beings; — forming them to virtue and happiness,

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ness, allowing them to distinguish good and evil, the sense of pleasure and of pain, what to pursue and what to avoid, — in vain ? — No !

Providence, ever favourable to suffering humanity, hath bestowed on us the *power* to terminate the ills of life, — thus intimating to us, that, when these ills counterbalance its good, and to exist, is no longer to be happy ; when, neither acting according to the impulse of our nature, or consistent with its dignity ; the means of our deliverance is in our power, and may be exercised by us.

The soul is immortal, the body
perishable ;

perishable; — who is there that immured in the dungeon's gloom, surrounded by horrors, does not pant to regain his freedom, to revisit the chearful and enlivening scenes; behold the glorious sun, the vernal cloathing of the fields, breathe the pure and healthful air, and enjoy the pleasures of social life? — Thus the soul, that portion of immortal fire, that emanation from the divinity, confined in its earthly mansion, and suffering with it, anxiously desires its freedom, and seeks the means of atchieving its redemption.

The flower transplanted to an

unfavourable soil, decays and dies ; the principle of gem which ripens in the mines of Golconda, is lost in the regions of Zembla ; thus the human soul beneath an inauspicious influence, the desire of happiness, and the sense of horror which its contrary presents, prompts and impells the soul to seek in change, a state more congenial to its nature, and more productive of felicity.

The opinions of modern times may indeed oppose mine ; — but, unfettered by prejudices, unawed by fear, and unenervated by

by an ignoble love of life, the great spirits of former ages obeyed the dictates of a noble resolution, in the dissimilar characters of a Cato and an Atticus, a Thrasea and an Otho, we behold the same act produced by motives the most opposite, different were the principles that actuated them, but all concurred in the main object; of quitting a life which they could no longer support, consistent with honour or happiness.

The weakness and degeneracy of modern times, shelters itself

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beneath the convenient plausibilities of argument, or religious doubts.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER LV.

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

FILLED with affliction, compassion, and astonishment, I read your letter !— Reflect on your rash and unjustifiable resolve ; detest the advocate of self-destruction ;
and

and banish the thought of raising against your own life, your erring and fatal hand.

And are these the resolutions which reason and philosophy should dictate ? Is here to be discovered that spirit of reverential piety and resignation, which Falkland hath uniformly professed ? Doth he thus express his belief, of the protection of an all-powerful and benevolent being ?

Renounce your resolution, forbear with rash and impious spirit, to arraign the decrees of heaven !

Misfortune then only triumphs
when

when we sink beneath its pressure; then, at once confessing the weakness of our souls, and a want of confidence in Him who can alone endue it with strength in the hour of calamity ; — but to attempt to shun the inevitable ills of life, by an act of self-destruction, indicates indeed

—— A will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd.

Possessed as you are of those requisites which are best calculated for the attainment of fame and fortune, those incessant objects of
human

human pursuit ; to gain the ascendant in society, fitted alike to benefit and to adorn it : — wilt thou impiously spurn these supremely favourable gifts, and tax the God of Nature with injustice ?

Suppose Nature, that kind and indulgent parent, thus addressing you, when your uplifted arm points the deadly steel at your own breast, — “ Unhappy man !
 “ forego thy dire intent ; the
 “ wound which thou inflictest, I
 “ too feel ; rash violater of my
 “ laws ; was it for this end I
 “ formed

“ formed thee with every per-
“ fection which can render thy-
“ self happy, or promote the
“ good of thy fellow-creatures?
“ You are about to counteract my
“ decrees, to violate the sacred
“ order of my works. Wretched
“ mortal ! Can thy short-sighted
“ views fathom the profound
“ abyfs of eternal wisdom ? Re-
“ nounce thy purpose, be re-
“ signed to the dispensations of
“ that being, who spoke the
“ universe into existence ; — be
“ content, and be happy.” —

It

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It is the curse of mighty minds oppress'd,
To think what their state is, and what it
should be,
Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,
And call the laws of Providence unequal.

GEORGE LENOX.

L E T-

LETTER LVI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

QUEBEC.

I Arrived here the 26th of last month, after a long and dangerous passage. — I am impatient for the opening of the campaign, inactivity encourages thought; as
action

action and change of place tend to dissipate it. — As I write this, the story of Antiochus's soldier arises to my mind, and I must confess that a disregard of life prompts me as strongly, as it did him, to the field; whether it will produce in me the same notable achievements, as his desperate prowess performed, time must determine.

The first object which strikes on the mind of an European on his arrival here, is the different appearances of the old and new world; here nature assumes all the bloom and vigour of youth, whilst
in

in the other quarters of the globe, she wears the aspect of decay, and exhibits all the concomitants of languor and age. — Here we behold in every object that strength and magnitude which results from an inherent principle of life and vigour ; here the operations of nature are conducted on a more enlarged and extended scale ; the mountains, lakes, forests of America, present to the beholder, a scene, to which no other part of the earth affords a parallel.

In Europe, whatever tends to the utility or adornment of society, hath long since been brought to
per-

perfection ; where those arts and sciences, which attest the superiority of man, over the other orders of creation ; the principles of policy ; war and government, originated ; — but there, if we have attained the heights of perfection, we behold degeneracy and corruption prevail in an equal degree ; these are indeed the inseparable attendants on refinement and luxury.

Whatever is essential to the wants of life, whatever can give stability to empire, this continent affords ; its inhabitants uncorrupt and virtuous, possess those principles

ciples which best unite the social system, and constitute the greatness of a state.

We behold, realized here, the sublime ideas of those philosophers, who, ardent to promote the interests of humanity, have sat down to form systems of government and polity ; whose noble conceptions were, however, calculated for that rank of superior beings, with which their exalted minds participated ; and unfuitable to the weakness and depravity of man ; but here the systems of Plato, of Fenelon, of Penn, are reduced to practice, and the friends of humanity behold,
after

after a long succession of ages, the true principles of happiness and freedom united in the western world.

Its inhabitants are formed for the enjoyment of those blessings ; here, “ every man sits under the shade of his own fig-tree ; and there is none to make him afraid.” — We behold, in every individual, energy of mind, and greatness of character ; the pride and spirit of independence, the dignity of virtue, — like the Romans of old, of whom it was said, that each individual was qualified to command nations. —

Hence

Hence hath been predicted the rise of an empire in these regions, which will cast into the shade the boasted establishments of former ages, and exhibit a scene superior to whatever the annals of mankind affords of greatness or of glory.

Every thing tends to produce this revolution, the degeneracy of mankind, — the unequal distribution of property, on your side of the Atlantic ; this latter, is peculiarly the bane of social life, which holds in a state of oppression and misery, the most valuable portion of mankind.

Thus, groaning beneath accumulated misery, mankind cast their eyes hither ; they behold an asylum, where nature invites, without distinction, her off-spring to the enjoyment of independence and happiness, they will obey her dictates ; — the distressed of every nation and of every clime, will here seek refuge and redress, and here they will find it ; and under the auspicious influence of virtue, wisdom and liberty, render the western world the seat of whatever can tend to ennoble, dignify, or adorn human nature.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T-

AND Miss LOUISA SAVILLE. 27

LETTER LVII.

Miss LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

Miss ELEONER HOWARD.

ACCCEPT my congratulations
upon your approaching union;
how different, my Eleoner, our
fates! Yet, to behold you in the
full possession of that happiness,
which unfavouring fortune hath de-

B 2

nied

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nied to me, abates the malignity
and lightens the pressure of ill; my
misfortunes will now receive from
the contemplation of your felicity,
that alleviation, which they were
wont to find in your sympathy.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

MISS ELEONER HOWARD,

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

DESPAIR not, — it were indeed to suppose Providence indifferent to the cause of virtue, were Louisa not the object of its peculiar care ; expect, therefore,

B 3

with

with hope and confidence, the hour, when in love and happiness, the inquietude and distress of the present will be no longer remembered ; or, if remembered, but to heighten the enjoyments of the present, by contrasting them with the sufferings of the past ; it is the experience of ill which gives its truest zest to happiness.

Your present situation is, indeed, perplexing and painful in the extreme ; — determined as you are to suffer every extremity rather than encourage the hated addresses of Gordon ; or be influenced by
the

the commands, or threats, of your uncle, in his favour; — but whatever vicissitudes may await my dear Louisa, she shall ever find in me a resource and a refuge, the desire to promote and secure her happiness, and to supply every want.

I have lately become acquainted with a young lady of the name of Harwood, the daughter of our curate; her character is such as makes me regret we were not earlier known to each other. Amiable and accomplished in the highest degree, she is

B 4 every

every way worthy the notice of Louisa. I shall embrace the first opportunity of introducing her to you.

ELEONER HOWARD.

LET.

LETTER LIX.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

MY triumphs are not yet complete, one more is to grace the catalogue ; that propitious power who hath uniformly crowned my amorous enterprizes

B 5

with

with success ; decrees, that ere I embrace the matrimonial yoke, my career of gallantry shall close with brilliant *eclat*.

Being yesterday on a shooting party with Lord Henley, Reeves, and others ; in the ardour of sport, I had parted my company ; the day was sultry ; and overcome with fatigue, I threw myself on a bank, whilst Rover beat about the adjacent hedge.

I fell into a sort of reverie, which the silence and apparent solitude of the surrounding scene encouraged. — My attention was, however, soon excited by a female

male voice ; the charming tones
of which

— “ Came o’er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

I rose, and approached the spot
from whence it proceeded. — I
heard the story of Damon and
Mufidora, read with a degree of
sensibility and elegance, which did
ample justice to the ideas and the
language of the poet.

At length she appeared ; her
person now compleated what her
voice had began : seeing me, she

B 6 started.

started, a lovely blush suffused her cheek, superadded to that which the interesting and luscious description of the bard of nature had already raised.

To be brief, a conversation ensued : — I found the sensibility and endowments of the fair unknown, equal to her beauty. — For me, who you know, Webber, am no novice in the knowledge of the female heart, I obeyed the occasion of the minute ; and I flatter myself, that in this new enterprise, with the requisite aids of perseverance and opportunity,

nity, I shall realize my hopes of possession.

Whilst we were engaged in discourse, the father of Julia, (for that is the name of my present Dulcinea) joined us; — he immediately addressed me by my name, and I soon recognised in him the person of our curate—a request that I should accompany them to the parsonage; I was obliged to wave for the present, as my fellow sportsmen just then joined me: — I apologized; but promised to embrace the earliest moment of paying him a visit at the parsonage, — and herein will keep

keep my word, Webber, new game is started, and, like a true sportsman, I shall continue the pursuit, till it is fairly run down.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LX.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

T O

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

VENI, Vidi, Vici, said Cæsar,
my self complaisance, suggests the like plaudit; my victories, like those of the Roman, having hitherto been immediate and
com-

complete ; — but this, (to parody Homer) “ the gods in former
 “ times performed.” — I should
 have rested satisfied with the hon-
 ours I had gained, and not ha-
 zarded my established fame to
 the danger and disgrace of a re-
 pulse.

My present attachment, I con-
 ceive to be of a more serious na-
 ture than any former one ; if,
 indeed, those can be termed at-
 tachments, where the affections,
 being neutral, indifferent, and un-
 intrusive, leave us at perfect liberty
 to pursue our plans, and carry in
 our amorous approaches, undif-
 turbed

turbed and undiverted by those treacherous weaknesses which too often engage on the part of those whom we attack ; — those dangerous compunctions, those yielding softnesses, which, like traitors to whom the care of the citadel is entrusted, betray their master, and deliver up the place to an enemy.

Such is precisely my situation, I feel my heart less cool and disengaged than upon former occasions ; no mathematician ever sat down to the solution of a problem, nor politician to frame a system of government, more intently,

tently, or with a greater degree of *sang froid*, than I have been wont to concert matters for the possession of a handsome female; — but at this time I am, I know not how, fluttered, anxious, undetermined; and shall I now, Webber,

—— Having ran the race with honour,
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal? ——

No, “ forbid it honour, forbid
“ it love !” Difficulties shall but
excite me to perseverance, and en-
hance the glories of my triumph.

EDWARD GORDON.

LETTER LXI.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

The god of love once more has shot his fire
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives
him.

THE campaign is opened, and
I have commenced my operations in form.

I am

I am just returned from a visit to the parsonage. — I shall find in old Harwood, a main obstacle to my designs, the dull homilies with which *he* plies Julia, operate on those doctrines which it is *my* proper business to inculcate ; as physical potions counteract each other. — And I find my labours, like those of Penelope, by which she contrived to keep her suitors at bay ; or, like the eternal labour of Sisyphus, “ never ending, still “ beginning.”

But finding that the most effectual means to compass my designs on the daughter, is by insinuating

nuating myself into the good graces of old canonical, I accordingly accommodate myself to his oddities, and suppress, as I should do, when the attainment of a Julia is the object, my disgust and impatience. — Conceive me now, Webber, as exhibiting a metamorphose equal to any in Ovid ; the Man of Fashion, and the gay Son of Gallantry, converted into a starched piece of formality, and religionism : Rochester and honest Will Congreve, have for the present given place to Tillotson and Stanhope. — I frequently argue with Howard on scriptural points,
in

in the discussion of which I display no small degree of acuteness, and no very confined share of learning. I have provided myself from an old concordance, which, from time immemorial has appropriated to the purpose of smoothing ribbons, with a number of passages, equally useful and edifying; these, I introduce upon occasion, whilst the names of Aquinas, Calmet, Tillemont and Bossuet, are "familiar in my mouth as household words."

Harwood has nearly attained his sixtieth year; he has under-
went

went many vicissitudes of fortune, but experience, which it is said, makes fools wise, has left him in possession of the same unsuspecting simplicity, as when he first became the dupe of the more knowing ones of this world ; indeed, Harwood uniformly treads on scripture grounds ; and the observation of the Apostle is verified in the character of this *watchman of the holy city*, —

“ that the children of this
“ world are wiser in their
“ generation than the children
“ of light,” — Harwood is
the exact prototype of that fellow
of

48 History of CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.
of a college so ludicrously de-
scribed by Pope.

So dull, so odd, a statue you might swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

TAKE this description of Julia
— young and lovely, graceful
and commanding, she com-
pels love and admiration, perhaps
reverence, were not the latter sen-
timent rather inconsistent with my
VOL. II. C design,

design, her voice is melodious, her words charming, every look and motion advantageous ; taste is the characteristic of her understanding ; her sentiments are refined, and her features strongly marked with sense and sensibility ; she can talk well on a variety of subjects, and, what few speakers can do, comprehend them ; — her manner is polite, and mixed with a charming gaiety, equally free from restraint and boldness ; and, as Tibullus says,

When love would set the gods on fire, he flies
To light his torches at her sparkling eyes :

Whate'er

Whate'er Corinnà does, where'er she goes,
 The graces all her motions still compose.
 How her hair charms us, when it loosely falls,
 Comb'd back and ty'd, our veneration calls !
 If she comes out in scarlet, then she turns
 Us all to ashes, though in white she burns ;
 Vertumnus so a thousand dresses wears,
 So in a thousand, ever grace appears.

Other particulars, besides those
 I have mentioned of Harwood's
 life, are as follows : — He is of
 a good family, who once had very
 large possessions in this part of the
 country ; the extravagance of some
 of its progenitors hath condemned
 the remaining branches of the fa-
 mily to live upon the scanty residue

of a very considerable fortune. —

The cure which Harwood at present enjoys, he was placed in by my father, shortly after which the mother of Julia died in childbed of her ; the daughter is said to resemble her, who was in her time much celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments :— Julia's father has been extremely attentive to her education, which, added to her natural endowments, renders her the *nonpariel* of this quarter ; indeed she is the reigning toast amongst the villagers.

Must I confess to Webber my weakness ? — When I behold the
virtuous

virtuous and venerable Harwood, and his daughter, in the bosom of domestic happiness ; when I find myself the object of his kindness, hospitality and marked attentions ; when he avows his gratitude to those who have given to his old age a quiet retreat, and the comforts of independence ; when the gentle mistress of the mansion, adds her tribute to that of her fathers ; and the mild suffusion of gratitude, heightened to affection, glows in the cheek of Julia ; — my heart accuses me ; I feel my resolutions weakened, and the keen sense of remorse oppresses me ; — I

find my utmost efforts necessary
to conquer this foolish weakness.
I summon every aid to confirm
and strengthen my mind in its
purpose.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD,

T O

THE REV. WILLIAM BENNET.

I AM at a loss to account for
your silence, but hope it arises
not from any cause which may
affect the health of my friend, or
interrupt his happiness ; but never

C 4

yet

yet was there so long an interval in our correspondence.

United as we have been, —
“ from youth to age,” in the sacred bands of indissoluble friendship, accustomed to alleviate the ills, and to heighten the happiness of life by participation, those inestimable blessings which result from friendship, are still ours ; and the rare felicity of preserving unabated, that mutual attachment which time hath encreased and strengthened ; and which now sheds in the closing scenes of our life its cheering influence.

I have lately been honoured with

a visit from Mr. Gordon, the son of my late worthy and lamented patron and friend. I am happy in that he inherits with the fortune of his father, those virtues by which he was also distinguished; it is seldom that fortune in the partial and unequal distribution of her gifts, second the wishes of the virtuous and benevolent, by enabling them to administer to the wants, or alleviate the distresses of humanity.

Mr. Gordon is liberal in his assurances of continuing to me, the friendship by which I was favoured by his father, the living

of * * * * which is in his gift, he proffered to me, upon the death of the late incumbent ; this offer I declined, ever moderate in my desires ; and now, when age and infirmities almost preclude me from the exercise of those duties which my present office demands ; it would be unwise to encrease them ; it were an act of the highest injustice to those placed under my care, and must inevitably draw down upon me the divine displeasure. — Impressed as I am with a thorough conviction of the truths of divine revelation, penetrated with the deepest sense of the importance

portance and extent of my function; and certain that we must answer at the throne of Him, whose divine laws we are bound to propagate and enforce, for the execution of the sacred charge committed to us.

My health declines daily, but I view the period of my life approach, with satisfaction and hope; I have lived in a constant state of preparation for that hour which is to terminate my earthly probation; and possess that sense of conscious rectitude, which constitutes the best claim to the mercies of the most high, and con-

fers an assurance of eternal felicity.

But there is one tie, my friend, that still detains me to “ the smoke “ and stir of this dim spot,” need I mention Julia? — Yes, dear pledge of my Harriet’s truth, solace of my age ; for thee only I wish to prolong existence here ; for thee only, on the bed of death, will my fond regrets be excited ! — But I have duly prepared thee for the trying hour, when thy earthly parent and guide shall, “ for a short season,” be parted from thee ; I have impressed and fortified thy mind with

with the sublime truths of christianity and unceasingly inculcated therein the principles of virtue; for the rest, committing thee to the provident and protecting care of that Good Being, “ whose
“ tender mercies are over all his
“ works.”

Write to me, my friend, relieve me from the apprehensions which your silence excites; the interest that my heart is wont to take in whatever concerns you, prompts it to determine its measure of happiness or infelicity by yours.

HENRY HARWOOD.

LETTER LXIV.

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

T O

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

THIS Julia, compared to whom
the reluctant Daphne was
all-complying, and Diana hot as
the entrails of *Ætna*; is still un-
subdued. I have practised every
refined artifice, which long expe-
rience, and the genius of love,
ever

ever fertile in expedients, could suggest or devise ; I have poured into her ear the soft insinuations, the tender sentiments which allure to love and joy ; cloathed in the language of glowing and seductive eloquence, those ideas which imperceptibly dissolve the frosts of virtue from the heart ; remove those obstructions which education or prejudices have raised ; inspire the soft languishments, or excite the burning ardours of desire, in vain. — My well-acquired honours totter on my brow, and I anticipate the disgrace of unsuccess.

I have likewise endeavoured to make the sensibility of this modern Lucrece, subservient to my designs ; and have accordingly called in the aid of feigned passion, and all the powers of the *pathetic*. I have put on the flattering bib ; and, as occasion demands, can drivel into sympathy, or whine in sentiment.—“Glorious
 “cares !” Methinks I hear Webber exclaim, in his usual strain of irony — but no matter ; — for the rest, affecting to sympathize with the feeling bosom of Julia, I have *melted* into tears at the fate of Amelia, and joined in the tender

der commentary of my fair, on
Prior's tale of Henry and Emma.

Finding I am likely to lose
much time before this fair for-
tress; I mean shortly to deliberate
on the expediency of changing my
plan of operations; — *Perseve-*
rantur has hitherto been my
motto, and the invariable rule of
my conduct in all my amours.—

—— thou perseverance,
Hast gain'd more females unto love and Gordon,
Than all his other aids could have atchiev'd,
Without thy potent succour,——

thus have I parodized the ad-
dress of Mahomet to ambition.

Suckling

Suckling lies open before me,
with an extract from his "Love's
" Litany" — I shall conclude
this epistle. —

Tell me then the reason, why
Love from hearts in love does fly ?
Why the bird will build a nest,
Where he ne'r intends to rest ?

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys ;
Which, when gain'd in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away ;

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees :
Basely flying, when most priz'd ;
Meanly fawning, when despis'd.

Flatt'ring

Flatt'ring or insulting ever ;
Generous and grateful never :
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

T O

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

MY hopes revive! — — Why
did I for a moment doubt of
the care of that propitious power
who hath so often crowned with
success the amorous projects of
Gordon? — or why suffer my con-
fidence

fidence in the consummate address, and the long-tried talents of Wilmot, to abate ? E're long, Julia shall be mine ! Seek not to know how or when ; all stratagems in love and war are fair ; and

When success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

HENRY FENTON,

TO

JULIA HARWOOD.

CALCUTTA.

SEPARATED from all that my
soul holds dear, remote from
happiness and Julia, I recall those
hours of pure and unallayed fe-
licity, which I have passed in the
bosom

bosom of love and tranquility, enjoyments, the memory of which no time can eradicate, no distance can diminish.

From those regions of the rising day, where the sun darts its downward rays with unre-mitted and intense heat, where no cooling breeze moderates its fervour, no showers refresh the parched and burnt up soil, where each surrounding object revives by contrast the remembrance of my native land, and excites the fond regrets of my soul.

Yet, even here, the hope that Julia and her Fenton shall meet
again,

again, never more to part; that with her I shall enjoy the reward of all my toils, of all my dangers; — and realize those wishes that my fond heart unceasingly forms; supports me. — When I reflect on the pursuit in which I am engaged; that of acquiring for Julia the means of ease and independance; I feel myself inspirited; I proceed with alacrity towards the attainment of that most desirable object.

Ever dear companion of my earlier days! object of my fondest, tenderest affections! cherish in common with me, that passion
which

which hath long united us ! if, as it is said, and the heart of Fenton confirms the suggestion, that love is strengthened and increased by absence ; Julia is constant, true to the mutual vow which our passion dictated, and, those assurances of unalterable love, which we have interchanged.

Whether in my hours of business or relaxation, in company or alone, Julia is ever present ; I indulge in the retrospect of former times, and memory, faithful to passion, exhibits each dear and interesting idea, height-

tened and embellished by the pleasing colourings of fancy : — time and space are at once annihilated, and I am again in the presence of Julia, — in the personage, — behold the venerable protector and guide of my youth engaged in the task of our education, inculcating those virtues on which his own blameless life formed the best comment — I mix in the innocent pastimes of the villagers, I see my Julia, loveliest amongst the lovely, presiding over the scene of rural felicity — Happy hours ! which I now retrace, and the memory of which

which cheers and supports me.

What were my feelings when we last parted, when, in silent anguish, we deplored the necessity that denounced our separation?— I know not, — for at that distressful moment, my soul was absorbed in sorrow, and its faculties suspended; the portrait of Julia, which I have placed next my heart, and which, at the moment that I write this, is pressed by its throbbings, is the only memorial I retain of our parting; in vain I try to retrace each circumstance, to recall each fleeting and imperfect idea, they elude

my efforts, appearing to my remembrance like the confused and vanishing images of a dream.—I beheld my native shores recede with that regret, which leaving whatever is dear to us must inspire—I continued to explore the land long after intervening mists had hid it from my anxious view — and even when the wide expanse of sea and sky announced our distance from the place we had left, fancy, with kind deception, prolonged the pleasing illusion, and the shades of night descending, seemed only to conceal

ceal what had long before disappeared.

The books which you presented me with, before my departure, composed my chief amusement during the voyage, nor could aught better soothe the pangs of absence, or give me back the idea of Julia, the tender and impassioned scenes of Shakespeare and Otway, which we have so often perused together, and the passages which you have marked as eminently beautiful and affecting, with the comment which you have here and there made upon them, renders these volumes an invaluable

able treasure. I read them over truly, (as Codrington says) “ with “ a lover’s eye,” till the excellencies of the poets are forgotten, and the idea of the beloved donor entirely possesses my mind.

Thus do I cherish those affections which bind me to Julia, revolve past happiness, and look forward to the future with hope.

May that good being, who makes innocence and worth his peculiar care, continue to protect and preserve thee in the full enjoyment of every blessing.

HENRY FENTON.

LETTER LXVII.

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD.

TO

MR. HENRY FENTON.

SOLICITOUS as I have ever
been to form your mind, your
manners, and your heart, and
to qualify you for acting your
part in society, conformably to

D 4 the

the double scheme of duty enjoined to every man in respect to himself, and to his fellow-creatures—I behold, with unspeakable joy, the fair and promising fruit of all my anxious cares, and assiduous cultivation, ripened to perfection; for this my son

I pass'd my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares.—

But I see with mingled anxiety and hope, the time approach, when, quitting the peaceful and happy retreat in which you have hitherto lived, you are to engage in the busier scenes of life; but
you

you enter on the scene of difficulty and danger, with a mind prepared and fortified by the principles of manly virtue, those rules of conduct which I have for years inculcated, are now to be called into action, surrounded and assailed as you will be on every side, by temptations or by perils, here allured, there endangered, here the seductions of vicious pleasure, there the attacks of malevolence; here the secret designs of treachery, there the more avowed, but less fatal intents of open enmity.

Even those amiable and estimable qualities which constitute the hap-

pineness and dignity of our nature, will be, perhaps fatally, turned against you ; that sensibility of soul, that uncorrupt simplicity of heart, are, in the commerce of the world, often hurtful, sometimes destructive to their possessor ; but these must be regulated, my son, not suppressed ; suffer them to operate to that end for which they were bestowed, to be the sources of your own happiness, and to promote that of mankind, to give to the sorrowing heart the tribute of sympathetic consolation, administer to and relieve the wants of the wretched and needy, draw
forth

forth humble merit from obscurity, and support suffering virtue.

For the rest, — place your sole dependence upon Him, who governs the universe, who is ever present, and whose guidance and protection the virtuous never find remitted.

I have committed to writing those precepts which I have long inculcated to you; recur often to them, they will be (under God) as a guide to my son,

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in the difficulties and perils that
he must inevitably encounter in
his passage through life.

HENRY HARWOOD.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

JAMES WILMOT,

TO

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

YOUR orders have been punctually attended to. — Every thing promises success to our design. — Susan is engaged, she had no qualms, but what the application

cation of gold removed.

Indeed, these frail fair ones are ever prompt to enter into any scheme by which they may draw others of their sex into the same state with themselves, and they certainly, from the nature of their *calling*, are under a sort of obligation to extend their own laudable example, and keep up the number of Venus's votaries undiminished.

I have procured the dresses, and have fixed to-morrow evening, at our old quarters, for the rehearsal of our piece, with the merits of which you are already

ac-

acquainted, but which, like most others, must receive success from the abilities and address of the actors.

JAMES WILMOT.

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

T O

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

DULL that I was, not to have developed sooner the heart of Julia ; I, who acquainted with all the intricacies of the female character, and have so often wind-
ed,

ed, that more than Dædalean labyrinth ——

Julia's affections are engaged, *a priori*. I yesterday made the important discovery, when being at Harwood's, — Julia searching for somewhat in her pocket, took out the miniature portrait of a man, pretending to admire the abilities of the painter; and still more, the fine air of the original. I gathered from Harwood, that the portrait was that of a person of the name of Fenton, who is now in India, whither he went some years since, with
an

an appointment in the service of the company. He is the son of a clergyman, who, being a particular friend of Harwood's, and dying, left this his son, then an infant, to the care of the father of Julia. — Thus far Harwood.

Now that Fenton is the object of Julia's attachment, is obvious and certain; but that he should pass so many years with an amiable and beautiful woman, and after all, leave her in *statu quo*; (this, by the way, is only presuming on the matter) suffering the dull and inconclusive forms of courtship to be the *ne plus ultra*
(excuse

(excuse this pedantry) of his proceedings, is a circumstance that gives me no very favourable opinion of this rival of mine.

This discovery is fortune and opportune. I know not how long I should have lingered before this fair fortress, in the vain expectation of reducing it by regular approaches, little suspecting that it was in a state of such impregnable defence, and that so powerful an adversary guarded the citadel. — You see that, in the terms of Mars and Venus' wars, there is no small relation ; so to
con-

conclude my letter in the military style, I inform you, that I shall forthwith change my mode of attack, and prepare all my forces for a general assault.

EDWARD GORDON.

L E T-

LETTER LXX.

JULIA HARWOOD,

T O

HENRY FENTON.

I TAKE up the pen to alleviate the pains of absence, and blunt the sense of the keen anxieties that oppress me.

Why did my Fenton ever leave me? Leave, in the pursuit of fortune,

fortune, Britain and Julia ; we already possessed a competency, which, with mutual affection, would have been an inexhaustible source of happiness, the true enjoyments of life, secured to us, we needed not its superfluities, which only super-add to its cares, or take from its felicities.

In those moments, when solitude encourages thought, my mind reverts to the past, with pleasing transport, and contemplates the future with anxiety and fearful hope, fancy englooms the visionary scene, presentiments of ill intrude, and present, in prospect,
scenes

scenes of disappointment and woe.

What a fate was that which severed us ! growing from infancy to youth together, our souls congenial and united, existing but in each other ; how painful, how intolerable, was then a momentary absence ! Alas ! we had not prepared our hearts for a long and cruel separation, nor imagined that oceans would soon divide us from each other !

How have I survived your departure, or borne the pangs of absence ? In your society and converse my happiness centered ;
years

years revolved in unvaried bliss, and the lapse of time was unperceived, but when you were no longer present, then were the minutes counted, in dull and tedious progression.

I feel within my bosom a painful void ; my heart is preyed upon by its own feelings, and discomfort and anxiety hath expelled tranquillity and joy from my soul, destitute of that fortitude which is so essential to its support ; it sinks and requires the fond attentions, the soothing and tender cares of Fenton, to raise and restore it.

Why

Why was my heart formed so susceptible of those tender feelings, those soft impressions, which constitute at once its happiness and infelicity? Why were its affections irrevocably fixed, whilst yet, unconscious of the cause, and ignorant of the name of the passion, knowing it but in its effects, ere love had yet dictated the language of tender and impassioned sentiment, and our eyes only, but with more eloquent and powerful expression, interchanged those glances that at once kindled and fed the flame? this mutuality of soul, time en-

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creased and confirmed ; and what nature and passion had done, reason approved.

But why do I complain ? doth not Fenton sympathize with the kindred soul of Julia ?

It is fortune, unfavouring, inexorable fortune, that interdicts our union ; love has ever been the object of its frowns, as if, to enjoy its blisses, unallayed, were not to be granted to mortals.

Here, where every scene forms, with you, a local connexion ; where every object contributes to revive your remembrance, and to imprint

imprint your image more deeply in my mind ; I find consolement, and a perpetual source of pleasing sensations.

My father's health declines daily, and is another cause of my present anxiety ; — he gone, what shall Julia do ? Her parent and protector no more ; and he, who alone can supply her loss, absent from her ! — Return ! ah, return ! and give to the disconsolate Julia that happiness which she has been taught to find in you alone, and which you only can bestow !

JULIA HARWOOD.

LETTER LXXI.

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

T O

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

—— The mine is laid,
And only wants my kindling torch to spring.

I HAVE just returned from my
confederates; we have thus
concerted our design, Susan, who,
you know, first received her *cre-*
dentials from me, is to bear a
prin-

principal part in it ; she is to personate my Lady, whilst Wilmot is to appear as Sir John * * *. What will not the inventive genius of intrigue devise to effect its purposes ? To Wilmot the credit of the whole plan is justly due ; this Machievel of intrigue soars far beyond me, who, you know, am no mean adept in the noble science of seduction ; but on this occasion I submit to him, not conceiving it at all derogatory to my acknowledged talents to serve under so great a master.

This affair had nearly proved fatal, from the man of fashion

and gallantry, whose primary objects in such cases, should ever be the gratification of desire, and the reputation of an amour : I had absolutely began to degenerate into the whining sincerity of real passion ! I had nibbled at the bait, till I was almost fastened on the hook.

But what will Webber think of me, when he is given to understand, that I had actually addressed a sonnet to Julia ! — and had discovered other equally dangerous symptoms ; from which, however, due reflection, and the prescriptions of Wilmot hath relieved me.

But

But the hour of my appointment approaches; Sir John, his *amiable* Lady, and your humble servant, proceed in *form* to the parsonage.

EDWARD GORDON.

E 4

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

JAMES WILMOT,

TO

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

I Have engaged the house in which you formerly received your fair enamorado from the Devizes: — Owens and Rivers will attend; we can rely on them. —

Susan

Susan Melville will procure a brace of subalterns from her quarters : here, indeed, we find some difficulty, the younger order of the sisterhood are not *deep* enough for the occasion ; besides, I am apprehensive that the *strong* expression of their countenances might blow our whole design. Susan Melville will seek out for two old Corinthians, grown grey in the service, and who, with the aid of dress, &c. &c. may be made to appear with that matronly, or, if you will, maidenly and decorous aspect, as will

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best conciliate the confidence of
our guests. — Every *other* ar-
rangement is made.

JAMES WILMOT.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

AVIGNON.

In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns——

HERE, in the solitude and
gloom of a convent, I en-
deavour to forget the disastrous
E 6 incidents.

incidents of my life; in those sacred and solemn abodes, where the emotions and passions, that had long deprived the soul of rest, are wont to subside, and give place to tranquillity and happiness.

The soul, no longer enthralled by earthly objects, here seeks to be re-united with that divine power, from whom it derives its origin; — but not for me

—— the blameless vestal's lot,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!

Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd.

Labour

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 ' Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;'
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;
 Tears that delight, and sight that waft to
 heav'n.

For me, my Eleoner,
 Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy.

Like another Eloisa, *I* entered
 these holy mansions. My heart
 burning with the violent ardours
 of passion, which far from being
 extinguished or abated, by time, or
 the severities which my order en-
 joins, receives daily encrease and
 strength ; — the image of Falk-
 land is ever before me !

If

If here my sorrows receive alleviation, it is from the company and converse of some sisters, who, like me, have been the victims of an unfortunate passion ; we communicate to each other the sad particulars of our lives, and relieve mutual woe, by mutual sympathy.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

HENRY FENTON,

T O

JULIA HARWOOD.

St. Helena.

FORTUNE, favourable to my wishes, gives me back to Julia and to love, to the country and relatives so dear to the soul of Fenton.

The

The years that have passed since my departure from England, make a considerable portion of my life; but they have been successfully devoted to the acquisition of that competence, which I trust will enable me to enjoy in domestic happiness, a sweet oblivion of my toils, and termination of my wanderings.

When I review the vicissitudes of my life, the perils and difficulties I have encountered, and happily surmounted, I am filled with a consciousness of my own weakness and inability. — I raise my soul towards the great author
of

of my being, with sentiments of reverence, gratitude, and adoration. Continue, O all powerful and beneficent Being, continue to extend to me thy divine favour, and protecting care, averting evil, and inducing good!

I sail from hence in a few days; my impatience encreases as I approach the objects of my wishes; I invoke the winds to accelerate the tardy course of the vessel, reproach the tedious hours that withhold us from each other.

A vessel is now on the point of sailing for England, all here are engaged in writing home, I
am

am half inclined to take my passage to England in this vessel; I should meet Julia sooner, my affections press on one side, on the other, the care of that property which is to be the means of securing to us ease and independence: here Julia again has an interest, and here she again determines me. I repress my ardent and anxious impatience, and compel my affections to concur in the prolongation of an absence, in which a month is to me as a term of years.—I know not how it is, my Julia, but the heart of your Fenton enjoys not
its

its wonted ease; but why anticipate ill? the past favours of Heaven should inspire hope and confidence, and repell gloomy solicitude and boding fear.

I have now before me Thomson's Seasons, I have been perusing that part of it where he so well delineates the passions, and describes with such elegance and truth, the felicity of the marriage state.

Oh! speak the joy, ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye, but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart.

An

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An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heav'n.

HENRY FENTON.

L E T.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. HENRY FENTON,

TO

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD.

St. Helena.

FRRIEND and guide of my
youth ! accept the tribute
which the grateful heart of Fenton
dictates.

After

After a long and irksome absence from my native land ; favouring heaven hath answered your prayers, and realized your hopes for my safety and success ; I return to Britain, return to the enjoyment of those blessings, the temporary privation of which will now heighten and endear their possession.

My second parent ! thou constant to the friendship that had long united thee and my father, when he on the bed of death consigned his son, soon to be an orphan, to thy care ; thou received me beneath thy roof, and,
with

with a parent's affection and tenderness, led me from infancy to manhood !

“ My father,” said the Athenian philosopher, “ gave me life ;
“ but my preceptor has taught
“ me the knowledge of its true
“ use and enjoyments ;” —and if, as thou hast often taught me, the most supreme degree of human happiness, arises from conscious rectitude and the practice of virtue ; and that then man only approaches to the perfection, or has communicated to him the attributes of the divinity, when imitating the divine exemplar and obeying

obeying his commandments ; his objects are, to administer to affliction, to wipe the tear from the cheek of sorrow, to raise the virtuous and depressed, to befriend the friendless ; surely those principles of Universal Benevolence, which at once communicate and reward themselves, are eminently yours ; yours those exquisitely delightful sensations, which flow from the exercise of the social affections, and the dictates of a heart warm in the interests of humanity ; sublime enjoyments ! which I often heard you declare you would not exchange for all that
wealth

wealth or fortune could bestow.

Whatever my degree of estimation with the good, whatever my success in life, to thee I owe it ; — for every contingency your foresight had provided ; often have you compared life to a voyage, in which the highest virtue, and the most perfect knowledge, cannot always secure their possessor from the dangers which encompass him ; dangers which no prudence can foresee, no sagacity elude : you impressed my mind with those in-

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structions, which if they do not eventually enable to escape, yet lighten the pressure, or repel the strokes of misfortune ; that resignation to the will of heaven, that “ humble hope,” that confidence in its protection and support, which inspirits and invigorates the mind ; enabling it not only to endure calamity, but converting it into pleasure and sweet consolation, its shafts from us, or rendering them impassive.

Thus have I, with security and success, past through the most trying scenes of life, and engaged in those pursuits which, whilst
our

our knowledge of mankind is enlarged, and our fortune advanced, it is too often found that these attainments have been made at the expence of the principles which constitute the best enjoyments, and truest dignity of life.

And now, my father ; for that name best expresses my reverence and affection, permit me to advert to a subject in which the heart of Fenton has a peculiar and tender interest ; — do you not anticipate me here ? And need I mention the name of Julia ? You beheld the progress of our passion, and gave your sanction to the fond

vows which united our hearts ;— yet, when you reflected on the necessity that denounced our separation, your anxious wishes for our happiness prompted you to interdict it ; but the trial is past, the object of my labours and anxious cares are accomplished ; I look forward to that happy hour, when I shall receive Julia from the hand of her father, and our felicity be rendered complete and lasting.

HENRY FENTON.

L E T.

LETTER LXXVI.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

YOU are now to learn some particulars of our visit to the parsonage, the whole proceedings of the evening well deserves to be recorded in the annals of gallantry.

F 3

To

To come at once to particulars, — I and my compeers having met, we proceeded to Harwood's, where we arrive, the coach door opens, I get out first, Wilmot, who passed for a baronet, shammed to a degree of admiration, his gouty infirmities, next descends, exciting, by the violent contortions of his features, and his frequent and forcible expressions of acute pain, the sympathetic feelings of old Harwood, he was full ten minutes ere he reached the parlour, where in due respect to his rank, and in consideration of his infirmities, he was complimented

plimented with the parson's easy chair.

Sufan next enters upon the scene; — but at her Ladyship's onset, an accident rather *mal-a-propos* occurred, through the awkwardness of Tom, who would display a specimen of his rustic address upon the occasion, on stepping out of the carriage, she slipped, and came to the ground, the momentary display which the beauties of this immaculate fair-one presented, was a matter of little concern to her, but a twist which her ladyship's ankle received, excited some acclamations

which were rather out of character, and which vented themselves on poor Tom; luckily the parson was at this time engaged in attending Sir John, and in the interval her ladyship recovered her *usual* composure and affability.

Suppose now the usual compliments over, the company seated, and the conversation commenced; I was now forcibly struck by the striking contrast which the present company afforded, and to the delineation or description of which, the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Richardson, were unequal; the parson and his daughter

I have

I have before brought you acquainted with. — Susan and Wilmot in their *real* characters you are no stranger to, of their assumed ones I shall endeavour to give you some account.

Wilmot had on his part spared no pains to adapt himself to the occasion ; but his countenance honestly defied every endeavour to disguise ; and must have excited in any other minds but those of the simple and unsuspicious parson and his daughter, ideas by no means favourable to our project. As to Susan, she was, if possible, from her youth and florid complexion,

plexion, still less calculated for the part she filled, than Wilmot himself; — the utmost stretch of human art would be unavailing to conceal the evident marks as she exhibited, the fallow skin, the withered cheeks, the wrinkled forehead, and the scraggy neck of this antiquated beldam, seem to afford a memento of approaching dissolution.

But all these favourable appearances were unsuccessful; I soon found that I had most to apprehend from the *polite* and *polished* conversation of those two *amiable* and *accomplished* personages,
the

the refined sense, liberal sentiment, and elegant expression of Julia, were but ill-adapted to the profound ignorance, contracted ideas, and gross vulgarity of her visitors. — Susan, conscious of her deficiencies, with a discretion extremely rare in the sex, observed a very proper and commendable reserve during the evening ; — but Wilmot's foible of speaking on subjects, and arguing upon points of which he knows as little as one of my hunters, totally got the ascendant of his usual craft and circumspection. — At one time he had involved himself in a contro-

versy with the parson upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, — at another time his reverence taking occasion to advert to the story of Joseph, — Wilmot exclaimed, “ Had “ I been in Joseph’s place, with “ such an opportunity, I should “ certainly have embraced it.”

Here very apparent signs of surprize and displeasure appeared in the face of Harwood, — Julia blushed, — I however, palliated this untimely expression of Sir John, by observing that he yet retained a remembrance of the gallantries of youth, and proceeded to lament the extreme propensity of the age
to

to pleasureable dissipation, still more to be regretted, inasmuch as characters the most distinguished for sense and abilities, and universally respected, were compelled to conform to the arbitrary sway of fashion.—This produced a long and desultory discourse on the part of Harwood, to the infinite pleasure and edification of his hearers.

In this manner the evening passed — having given you a taste of its delicious enjoyments — I shall conclude with informing you, that at ten o'clock, we took our
leave,

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leave, having previously engaged
Harwood and his daughter to
return our visit on Wednesday
next.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET.

LETTER LXXVII.

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD.

T O

THE REV. WILLIAM BENNET.

I Agree with you that change of situation might afford me a temporary benefit though not an effectual relief to my present complaint.

Julia

Julia has been much indisposed of late, — Fenton (for we are used to associate the names) has succeeded to the possession of a considerable fortune in India, and is now on his return to Europe ; to live again to behold him, to receive him beneath that mansion in which his earlier years were passed, to confirm the union of him and Julia, by the sacred and holy ties of the church, and to witness their mutual felicity, is the sole object which, on this side the grave, my wishes tend to, and for which

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 137

which my constant prayers are
addressed to Heaven.

HENRY HARWOOD.

LET-

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LETTER LXXVIII.

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER,

TO

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

YOU have hitherto made me
the confident of a design,
which however consistent with the
system of libertinism, you have long
pursued, yet, as it is criminal and
dread-

dreadful in the extreme, I cannot any longer remain silent, nor forbear to express my disapprobation, nay, utter abhorrence of it ; thus acquitting myself to heaven and to mankind, and escaping from that remorse which would be my portion, I am determined no longer tacitly to consent to the ruin of the amiable object of your designs.

I saw Julia at church to-day, Eleoner pointed her out to me ; I was struck with admiration and regret, a form the most lovely and interesting excited the former, the reflection, that a fate the most dreadful to virtue and innocence

im-

impended, the latter : — Harwood preached from the following text, which may perhaps extort a smile from Gordon ; — but to me it appeared strikingly pathetic and predictive, and excited the highest sensations of pity and sadness—
 “ The day knows not what the
 “ night may bring forth.” —
 Little did the good pastor imagine, that he perhaps, of all his congregation, should alone fatally experience the practical truth of his text.

If yet the voice of virtue can be heard amidst the licentious and intemperate scene of pleasurable pursuits

pursuits to which the hours of Gordon are devoted.— If, amidst the impulses of passion, and the ardours of desire, the laws of humanity can operate — remit your present pursuit, nor, for a momentary gratification, destroy the peace of a worthy family.

But if my remonstrances are to be disregarded — If virtue and humanity plead in vain ; — no more address me upon a subject so odious to my principles, so painful to my feelings ; make me no longer the confidant of your criminal and fatal measures : —
for

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for surely Gordon, if there is
any

—— chosen curse,
Or hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath ——

it is surely reserved for him, who
“ breaking the bruised reed,” in-
stead of administering relief and
support to suffering virtue, seizing
the opportunity that its hour of
depression affords, and aggravates
calamity by severer ills than Heaven
itself had inflicted — Satan, about
to dissolve the felicity and inno-
cence of the parents of mankind,
and

and consign them to misery, affords no unapt comparison to your present purposes ; — on the whole, however, even the prince of hell is inferior to you in his claim to diabolical praise, and in the wicked magnitude of his crime. Milton's hero left to Eve the choice of her fate, you effect your purpose by a combination of violence, fraud and perfidy.

I shall conclude with observing, that independent of the reasons above stated, my approaching union with Miss Howard, who is Julia's particular friend, should, on my
part,

part, preclude all further communication with you upon this subject; but I shall at all times receive the sentiments of Gordon, upon less objectionable points, with that attention which is due to an old and beloved friend.

FRANCIS WEBBER.

L E T-

LETTER LXXIX.

JAMES WILMOT,

TO

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

OUR most sanguine hopes are answered; the Argus of our design is likely to be absent at its execution; he is to-morrow to set out on a visit to an acquaintance

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quaintance who lives about thirty miles distant, and his return is not expected before Sunday fortnight; — now or never, — we cannot expect a more favorable opportunity to accomplish our purpose.

JAMES WILMOT.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

IO Triomphe! — Where are
now your “wise saws and
modern entrances;” apostate as
thou art to the cause of love
and gallantry, this last atchieve-
G 2 ment

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ment shall take the lead of every
former one ; far exceeding them
in the greatness of its difficulties
and varied operations of exquisi-
tely refined and intricate de-
sign —

EDWARD GORDON,

L E T.

LETTER LXXXI.

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD.

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM BENNET.

JULIA is dangerously ill, and
obstinately continues to re-
fuse all assistance, all consola-
tion. —

Just Heaven ! why was the

G 3 most

most dreadful of calamities reserved to embitter the closing period of thy servant's life? Wherefore didst thou not in pity take us, ere the fatal event which must precipitate us in sorrow to the tomb?

Oh! my child! my beloved Julia! solace and support of my age, "how art thou fallen!" Whilst the cruel spoiler yet lives and exults in our shame, triumphs in our ruin! But I submit to the will of Heaven. Pardon! oh, my God, if in the excess of a parent's feelings, a parent's grief, I have

have involuntarily arraigned thy dispensations !

Gracious and Omnipotent Being! who hast, “ till this late season,” reserved for thy servant, the most severe trial of complicated woe, endue me but with strength proportioned to it, so shall I rejoice in the chastening trial that is to prepare me for eternal rest in those mansions, where the “ ills of human life cease to exist, and where the wicked cease from troubling.”

Thus, my friend, reposing with hope and confidence on the Great Author of my existence, whose

wisdom is unsearchable, and at whose dispensations it were guilt to repine ; — I anticipate the hour when “ that which is dark, shall be illumined, and that which is crooked, shall be made straight.” —

HENRY HARWOOD.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

THE REV. HENRY HARWOOD,

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM BENNET.

IF you would again behold Julia, — hasten your arrival ; the physician has declared his skill unavailing, whilst she continues, by refusing all assistance, to invite

G 5

her

her dissolution. — She has been since last night delirious. — The author of our miseries, obnoxious as he is become here, the resentment of all the inhabitants so great, and their resolutions of revenge so high and determined, has consulted his immediate safety by secreting or withdrawing himself. Mrs. Webber has not quitted Julia during her illness, attending her with the most affectionate care: hasten, my dear friend; your presence in this hour of calamity will cheer and support my desolated soul.

HENRY HARWOOD.

LETTER LXXXIII.

HENRY FENTON, ESQ.

TO

STEPHEN MOWBRAY.

DEAL.

AFTER years of absence, returned to my country and friends ; — but my heart is full — its feelings and its swelling transports preclude expression. —

G 6

I

I shall meet you at Gravesend,
from whence we will proceed to-
gether to * * * *. — Julia and
Mowbray shall restore to me the
long lost enjoyments of love and
friendship.

HENRY FENTON.

LET-

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

MRS. WEBBER,

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

“ Though my shock’d soul recoils, my pen

“ shall tell, ”—

JULIA, the virtuous, the amiable, the beautiful Julia, is no more — She, whom we so lately beheld, in the bloom of youth
and

and beauty, endowed with every estimable quality, adorned with every engaging grace.

Dear and lamented maid !
 She, whose fond remembrance
 of thee, whilst it prompts this
 tribute to thy virtues, melts her
 soul into commiseration for thy
 fate, into sorrow for thy loss !—
 And thou ! to whose villanous
 schemes her honour, happiness,
 and life, have been sacrificed ;
 for thee, what peculiar and ade-
 quate punishment hath avenging
 Heaven in store ! — Or, what at
 this moment are the feelings of
 thine

thine own heart, the keen remorse of thy soul ! after having effected its infernal work, and plunged a worthy and happy family into misery and ruin !

The advantages of birth and fortune, however justly they may be considered as belonging to virtue, are yet unessential to its true dignity ; — Harwood and his daughter inherited all the virtues of a long line of ancestry, but the rank and fortune which had once distinguished these, were sacrificed to the principle of loyalty, which led them to adhere to the
un-

unfortunate House of Stuart. — The qualities of Julia, though condemned to the obscurity of private life, would have graced a court.

I have already informed you of the means by which Julia was betrayed, the heart-rending event I am now to communicate.

During the last three days of Julia's life, I did not leave her bed-side; mean while, painfully witnessing the approaches of death, she expired in my arms! — Her father, — but to the heart of
Louisa

Louisa, description were superfluous ; — as for me the attempt would be vain, and a renewal of my sorrows.

She was yesterday buried ; Harwood himself performing the last sad duties to his beloved daughter ; we would have dissuaded him from it, but he persisted in his resolution ; “ Let
“ me not,” said the virtuous man, “ betray in this, an un-
“ manly, or unchristian spirit, a
“ want of a due submission to
“ the dispensations of the most
“ high,

“ high, or of fortitude in sup-
 “ porting the trials he is pleased
 “ to inflict.” — As he said
 this, his countenance, no longer
 expressive of sorrow and anguish,
 was brightened by hope, and ani-
 mated by confidence, he pro-
 ceeded with firmness and com-
 posure, to lead the sorrowing
 train to the place where the body
 of Julia was to be deposited.

The place of her interment
 was at a considerable distance
 from the village: the sun had
 now set, and the shades of evening
 de-

descending, threw a gloomy and awful solemnity around, which the stillness and solitude of the scene heightened, the faint glare of the torches, the wind stirring the yew-trees that were planted along the avenue. ——

We had now reached the entrance of the church yard ; — two strangers approach, who join the procession ; — the coffin is let down into the grave, — at this moment one of the strangers, uttering a deep groan, sunk into the arms of the by-standers ——

it

it was the lover of Julia, —
Harwood recognizes him, — em-
braces, hangs on him in speech-
less agony ———

* * * * *

The paper is blotted with my
tears — I cannot go on.—

ELEONER WEBBER.

L E T-

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 161

LETTER LXXXV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MR. JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNY.

QUEBEC.

WHEN the fate which had
driven me from Britain,
continued to pursue me with uni-
form and inflexible severity, when
the few consolations, which under
the

the miseries of exile, I had continued to possess, were torn from me, life became insupportable, and existence a blank. — I was prompted to point the sword against myself; you forbade the intent, and withheld my hand; reconciled me in part, to a life, which, though no longer desirable, the aids of philosophy, the composing and endearing offices of your friendship taught me to endure.

When I left Europe, and with it scenes which continually revived the memory of my misfortunes,

fortunes, I little expected that, at the distance of three thousand miles, unknowing and unknown, seeking death in the midst of destroying war, my sorrows were to be renewed; each painful incident of my eventful and disastrous life, again retraced, and those wounds which time had in some degree healed, opened afresh.

In my last, written from Quebec, I intimated our expectations of soon entering upon a scene of difficult and dangerous action, since when, the attack and reduction of Fort Pitt has been successfully
un-

undertaken, Montcalm commanded. During the action the valour of a British officer particularly engaged my attention, and interested me for him; he had fallen covered with wounds. I ordered him to be carried to my tent, where a surgeon attended. Visiting him after the action, I found him speechless and insensible, disguised and disfigured by wounds and blood, yet did I see in this stranger one whose features appeared to have been before known to me, but which now eluded my recollection. His senses returned, he raised towards me his eyes, suffused

suffused in the dim humidity of approaching death. He pronounces my name, — I discover in the person of this British officer my friend Gordon; — the ensuing scene was short, and affecting; surprize, sorrow, remorse, he confessed in faltering and imperfect accents, that he had violated, in respect to me, every principle of friendship and honour, that he had counterfeited in my name, letters to Louisa, purporting my intention of giving my hand to another, had obtained her uncle's consent to their marriage, that on the night of their intended nuptials,

VOL. II. H Louisa

Louisa had fled, and that every enquiry after her had been fruitless. — He then reclined his head, and, in a few moments, groaned and expired.

May the offence of the unhappy Gordon be expiated! as in his death his perfidy is forgotten! Whilst with humility and wonder, I contemplate this signal instance of *retributive justice*, and shed the tear of pity to human weakness, and human misery.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 171

LETTER LXXXVI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MR. JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNY.

MARTINIQUE.

FROM the malignity of this
climate, and the extreme
fatigues I have endured, — I have
contracted a malady, under which
I daily decline, and which pre-
cluding

H 2

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cluding me from active service, I shall take my passage in the first vessel that sails from hence for Europe.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET.

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 170

LETTER LXXXVII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

NANTZ.

I HAVE had a short and favourable passage from Martinique hither, but my disorder rather encreases, a gently gradual decline accelerates my progress to

H 3

the

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the grave; and I enjoy the prospect of that dissolution in which I shall unbofom every ill.

I go immediately forward to Avignon, and shall write to you from thence more fully.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 175

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

MRS. WEBBER.

AVIGNON.

WHEN I sought refuge in
the gloom of a convent,
I fondly hoped, that embosomed
in solitude and silence, I should
lose in sweet oblivion the me-
H 4 mory

mory of my griefs; but that fatal passion to which the peace and happiness of my soul has been sacrificed, and whose effects the faded and declining form of your Louisa attests, continues to rage within me with unabated violence, encreasing and acquiring strength as the dissolution of life approaches.

But be still my anxious and throbbing heart! soon will thy struggles cease, and no more shall agitation or disquietude, inseparable attendants on hopeless love, corrode or oppress thee! no more
cherish

cherish a passion which time and hopelessness should have long since effaced or extinguished. — No more will the loved image of Falkland, intrude at those moments when my soul raised to, and communing with its God, in the sacred and solemn duties of devotion. — Ah! then no more will it vainly struggle to disengage itself from those attachments, which seduce those tender ties which enchain it; that impassioned ardour, which mixing with the fervor of prayer, drags my soul from heaven to earth. — But in the bosom of eternal peace, soon shall the ar-

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dent enthusiasm of an earthly passion, all its unholy transports subside!

I have been for some days confined to my bed; my next transition, Eleoner, will be to the tomb! Welcome, O welcome as the port to the distressed and wearied mariner, who hath long encountered the perils of the sea, and been tossed by storms and tempests! One consideration alone inflicts a pang; — that inexorable fate which has uniformly opposed our union, still holds obscure and uncertain the fate of Falkland!

as of mine, he is alike unconscious ; but ah ! perhaps he lives not ! lives not to experience the poignant, the unutterably painful feelings, which enanguish the kindred soul of his Louisa !

And oh, if fate ~~some~~ future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine ;
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive
 ghost ;
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel them
 most.

LOUISA.

H 6

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

MR. JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNEY,

TO

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

AVIGNON.

SIR,

MR. Falkland's indisposition
rendering him unable to
write, I sit down at his desire to
communicate the particulars of a
late

late extraordinary and interesting event.

Mr. Falkland. arrived here the 27th of last month, —— but what a deplorable change in the person of our friend! no longer in the full possession of youthful and blooming vigour; his afflicted friends now behold him pale, emaciated and dejected; before his departure from Nantz, the effects of that passion which has marked his life with infelicity, were indeed apparent; but the languor and pensiveness which disappointed love induced,

con-

contributed to render more interesting a form in which every mental endowment, every personal grace, concurred to dignify and adorn. — The malignity of the climate which he had lately left, appeared to have been equally fatal as the corroding anxieties of hopeless love.

Being on a visit to Mr. Falkland on Tuesday last, we were sitting alone in his apartment, when a servant entered, and announced Mr. Le Cras, this gentleman is a physician of some note here, was
a par-

a particular friend of Mr. Falkland's Father, and attended him in his last illness; his son, and Mr. Le Cras had not seen each other since the return of the former to Avignon, after some reciprocal compliments had passed, Mr. Le Cras joined us.

Mr. Falkland, as is usual with him when his company is select, filled a glass of wine in remembrance of his loved Louisa; — a tear started in his eye, — a silence of a few minutes ensued, and the emotions which the tender
adver-

adversion of Falkland had raised
 were subsided, when Le Cras re-
 newed the conversation by remark-
 ing the powerful effect of sym-
 pathy in alleviating the sense of
 misfortune, and proceeded to ob-
 serve, “ that however great the
 “ consolation which the feeling
 “ heart administers to calamity;
 “ yet, in cases where two meet
 “ who are alike unhappy, the
 “ communication is eminently
 “ calculated to abate the sense
 “ of misery, and to constitute a
 “ union of soul superior to, and
 “ more permanent than that
 “ which

“ which is produced by love,
 “ whose tenderest, most endear-
 “ ing, and lasting ties result from
 “ or are formed by a mutuality
 “ of suffering ; that principle of
 “ sympathy, which draws and
 “ assimilates the unhappy to each
 “ other, flows from the same
 “ origin as love. — ‘ Pity,’ says
 “ he (addressing himself to Falk-
 “ land) ‘ melts the soul to love,
 ‘ and possesses in common with
 ‘ that passion, the lenient power
 ‘ of assuaging the ills of huma-
 ‘ nity.’

“ I have

“ I have just returned,” con-
 tinued Le Cras, “ from a con-
 “ vent, where a young lady, a
 “ patient of mine, lies danger-
 “ ously ill, and the particulars
 “ of whose life and fortunes,
 “ would, I think, much ex-
 “ cite your sympathy. — Her
 “ mind the most amiable and
 “ accomplished, the charms of
 “ her person, which, notwith-
 “ standing a series of disastrous
 “ events, a long, severe, and
 “ painful illness, and the prof-
 “ pect of approaching dissolu-
 “ tion, she yet retains in a great
 “ de-

“ degree ——— all have interested
 “ me for her. I visited her this
 “ day for the last time, nor could
 “ I then suppress the emotions
 “ of my heart — accustomed as I
 “ am to scenes of this nature,
 “ still did the involuntary sigh,
 “ and the starting tear, at once
 “ express my sorrow, and attest
 “ my regret at the inefficacy of
 “ my art.” ———

Falkland wept — I now wished
 that the conversation might
 take a turn to some topic not so
 immediately interesting to the feel-
 ings

ings of our friend. — Le Cras now proceeded to state several particulars relative to the lady ; at length informing us, that she was a native of England, her name Louisa Saville.

Falkland had listened to the relation of Le Cras with fixed and silent attention, though with much apparent emotion, till the mention of the lady's name, when striking his forehead, and fetching a deep groan, he fell back in his chair.

At

At length his senses returned, when in faltering and imperfect accents he desired to be led to Louisa, — who was now represented by Le Cras as at the point of death; — an interview, however, was necessary, but we dreaded from it consequences immediately fatal to both.

At Falkland's repeated entreaties Le Cras went to the convent, from whence he soon returned, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, who addressing himself to Falkland, said, " I have at last
" found

“ found you, Sir ; I entreat
 “ you to follow me, you will
 “ restore peace to a troubled
 “ mind.”

He led us to a coach ; we
 arrive at the convent, there was
 a small chamber at the entrance
 of the apartment where Louisa
 lay. — The door opened, and
 the abbess came forth ; Falk-
 land was now advancing in silent
 anguish, and with trembling steps
 toward the chamber, but the ab-
 bess gently opposed his too ab-
 rupt appearance in the presence of
 the

the dying lady. — “ You shall
“ see her, Sir,” said she, “ but
“ this interview requires some
“ preparation.”

We were at length admitted,
we stood for some minutes in
silent astonishment and grief at
the affecting scene that now pre-
sented itself.

We beheld in the person of
the lady, the long lost and la-
mented object of Falkland’s love,
the continual anxiety and agitation
of her mind had visibly affected
her,

her, her charming face was clouded by the deepest tints of melancholy, and her whole form exhibited the sad effects of sickness and sorrow.

Falkland beheld her ; — took her hand, held it, and wetted it with his tears, each remained for some time incapable of utterance; Louisa first broke that silence, which expresses, in a more lively manner, than all the powers of pathetic language, the genuine feelings of the heart. —

“ My

“ My own emotions, my dear Falkland, said she, too well inform me what passes in your breast. — This meeting so unexpected, so long and anxiously desired, gives me back that felicity which our separation had banished ; — it returns, it cheers my soul, and dispels the gloom and discomfort that hath long oppressed it. — Let us, my Falkland, look up to Heaven ; let us there seek for those unfading joys which are to compensate for lives of uniform unhappiness here. — Let us anticipate that happy state,

VOL. II. I when

when naught shall ever again divide us from each other! —

“ Even now I feel the sweet impressions of felicity, foretaste of that which will be unalloyed and undecaying! — On thee, O Divine Goodness, I depend; and may my sorrows, my tears, expiate any involuntary errors into which the weakness of human nature may have betrayed me! — I die happy, in having found my Falkland! O my God, finish thy work, and with thy powerful and consoling grace protect him!”

Here

Here her strength failed her — never was the dignity of human nature better supported, or the sublime truths of Christianity more forcibly exemplified; the sweet serenity that marked her countenance, attested the tranquillity of her soul. — The nuns all dissolved in tears, watched her expiring looks — marked her words: — they beheld in Louisa a bright model of that excellence, to which they must themselves aspire to render them worthy the society of the blessed. — Louisa displayed that

magnanimity which springs from the sublime consolations of religion, without the alloy of weakness or ostentation, which too often debases or disguises it.

The awful moment at length arrived! — Heaven resumed that soul it had confided to her; she yielded it with that unreluctant serenity which conscious rectitude, and the firm assurance of immortal bliss could alone confer.

She expired in the arms of
Falk-

Falkland, who now experienced all the emotions of grief; his anguish was unspeakable; he threw himself on the corpse. — “No!” cried he to Le Crafs, who would have forced him away — “You shall never again separate me from her! — The grave is now my only refuge. Oh! my friend! do not deprive me of the consolation of dying with my Louisa!” — He fainted away upon the body; — we conveyed him from the scene of sorrow — but the shock, I fear, is irremediable! — He declines all

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assistance, disregards all consolation,
declares his resolution of not sur-
viving Louisa, to whose remains the
last duties were this day rendered.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNY.

LET-

LETTER XC.

MR. JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNY,

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

Sir,

IN performance of Mr. Falkland's
last injunctions, I sit down
to the melancholy office of com-
municating the particulars which

I 4

attended

attended the close of a life, devoted to the exercise of every virtue.

Of the few friends which misfortune had not deprived him of, you, Sir, held the first place in the esteem and affection of our departed friend. Of that with which he honoured me, — I can only regret the short duration; but our mutual attachment was not the less ardent or inviolable, originating from no slight causes, and held by no slender ties; our tempers were similar, and our
lives

lives alike chequered by sad and singular vicissitudes.

After the fatal event which I have already related, his health rapidly declined ; — it was my lot to attend him during the sad interval that preceded his dissolution, painfully witnessing the slow gradations of an incurable malady. — In few cases are the circumstances of death more powerfully affecting ; a character as Falkland's, possessing every quality which commands reverence and regard, which ennobles or
adorns

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adorns humanity ; in life's " full
" prime," called from a scene in
which he was fitted to act a dis-
tinguished and honourable part.

The physicians had advised his
removal from Avignon, as it
might tend to abate the malig-
nity of his disorder. — A villa,
agreeably situated at some distance
from the city was taken, and thi-
ther I accompanied him.

Some friends from Avignon
yesterday visited us, and it was
late before they departed. We
had

had of consequence broke in upon that strict regularity of which Falkland's indisposition obliged the observance, and we had retired to our chambers for the night, when we were presently alarmed by a cry of fire, and perceived the flames arising from the neighbouring convent.

I immediately called up our domestics, and went with them to assist the sufferers, and endeavour to stop the progress of the fire which now raged with great fury.—Falkland, impelled by that
active

active benevolence which marked his character, went thither with us, notwithstanding my entreaties, and his own inability to support the fatigue, or encounter the danger of the scene.

We had now arrived at the convent, one part of it the fire had nearly consumed; and the flames spread rapidly towards the rest of the building. A nun rushed forth, her confusion and terror scarce permitted her to point towards the place from whence she had issued, and tremblingly articulate.

culated, "Sister Emelia."—Falkland sprang forward; we stood fixed in silent horror;—some minutes had now elapsed, — we supposed him a prey to the flames which now enwrapped the convent, when he again appeared forcing his way through them, a woman in his arms, flakes of fire and burning ruins falling about them on every side. He accomplished his purpose, but exhausted by the effort, he fell to the earth, just as he had advanced beyond the limits of the conflagration.—The nun, whom Falkland had saved,

saved, had been for some time sick, and had, unable to effect her own escape, in the panic occasioned by the fire, been forgotten.

Both were carried, in a state of insensibility, to an adjacent cottage. The lady recovered, but her humane deliverer did not long survive ; — the last act of his life, to which he fell an almost immediate sacrifice, was consistent with the uniform tenour of his character and conduct, ever devoted to the interests of humanity.

His



AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 207

His remains were interred in the same grave with his beloved Louisa,—the faithful Salvador mixing his tears with mine, effused the *solitary* tribute of sorrow to the memory of mankind's universal friend.

JOHN HENRY D'AUBIGNY.



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